

A Dance of Death

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Category: Rise of the Guardians
Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Supernatural
Language: English
Characters: Jack Frost
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2013-01-10 13:06:09
Updated: 2013-11-14 10:21:32
Packaged: 2016-04-26 14:21:31
Rating: T
Chapters: 4
Words: 16,478
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: "I don't want them to see this side of Winter. I don't want anyone to see this side of me..." As the Spirit of Winter, Jack Frost has more duties than most people know, responsibilities that he dares not tell of to anyone. Third chapter is now up.

1. A Dance of Death

This is my first story in a while, I think what little skill I had before has left me ;-; I might've accidentally butchered the characters as well Dx But I really hope you guys enjoy this little piece. I might write more, but it depends. Please read and review and let me know of any mistakes :D

****Fan**Fiction** should explain itself.

* * *

><p>Jack Frost had never liked the thought of New Years. At least, as far as his immortal life was concerned, as far as his life as the Spirit of Winter was concerned. The North Wind curled around the youthful boy in a protective embrace, reassuring him that everything would be fine. Even when he could sense Mother Nature approaching the lake he laid upon. Only a minutes wait and the black haired woman appeared in a swirl of leaves, pale green dress fluttering wildly before calming around her. She closed the distance between them and lowered down onto her knees to sit upon her ankles. North Wind settled between them, trying to guard the frost child it so eagerly played with everyday. Silence reigned between the spirits until Jack sat up and turned towards Mother Nature, not meeting her eyes. Instead his cerulean irises settled on the simple satchel of white cloth she held in her lap,<p>

"Jackson, congratulations on your guardianship. The Man in the Moon must be proud of you." the woman gave a gentle smile,

"Thanks..." Jack turned his eyes upward to meet hers, "I'll leave for the South Pole soon."

"You're not performing the ritual at North's?"

"Nah, Rapunzel's always the main act. Don't want to steal the spotlight from her." he let out a hollow chuckle,

"She requested me to allow you to perform with her. Even Eugene is hoping you'll accept." Jack merely looked back down at the bag, "The other guardians might even enjoy it." she tilted her head to look into Jack's eyes, but the boy shook his head,

"No." Jack said firmly, opening his mouth to say more but a sudden vibration from the ground stopped him. It grew more intense until the ground caved into a hole on the shore of the lake. A pair of long ears poked out before Bunny hopped up onto solid ground,

"Dang it Frostbite! Why you gotta make it so bloody cold!" the Pooka turned, his forest green eyes spotting the pair sitting on the frozen lake staring at him. Bunny immediately recognized Mother Nature, "What'd ya do now?!"

"What makes you think I did anything, ya stupid kangaroo?!" Jack waved his staff around but remained seated,

"Bunnymund, Jackson." the female's piercing voice cut the two off and she turned towards the winter spirit, "_Do whatever you feel most comfortable with, but there is no shame in these rituals Jackson. They keep the world balanced._" Mother Nature continued in Gaelic, lifting the bag towards the white haired boy who, with some hesitance, accepted it,

"_I don't want them to see this side of Winter. I don't want anyone to see this side of me..._" Jack's Gaelic wasn't as smooth as Mother Nature's but still served the purpose of keeping the conversation private,

"_They care about you, as does the Man in the Moon._" she stood and waited for Jack to join her, "_It is time to heal, Jackson._" a hand reached forward but stopped when Jack flinched away. Once her hand was by her side, a whirlwind of leaves descended and Mother Nature disappeared from sight. Jack shrugged the bag over his head to hang on his shoulder like a messenger bag. The winter spirit twirled his staff and walked towards an uncertain Bunny with one big foot testing the ice. A confident smirk in place and a mischievous glint in his eyes to mask the tense conversation of before,

"So, Cotton Tail, what brings you to my humble abode?" Jack tapped his staff against the frozen lake. Frost began to creep silently towards Bunny's foot and the large rabbit stumbled back,

"North sent me," Bunny glared at the boy, "He wants me ta drag ya back to the pole since ya didn' show for the Christmas party, mate." Bunny's eyes turned towards the bag, "What'd Mother want?"

"He sent you just to lecture me for missing a little get together." Jack turned and began to glide across the ice absently, "That seems a bit much, even for North." he chuckled,

"Nah, mate. He wants me ta tie ya down so you don' skip out on the New Year's Bash. Tooth spent months plan'n and prep'n. And ya never answered my question, Frostbite." Bunny cursed slightly as he slipped on the ice and nearly did a split, not noticing how Jack paused in his track around the lake,

"New Year's Bash...?" Jack pointedly ignored Bunny's last question, "Sorry, no invite." He continued to skate farther from dry land and Bunny,

"Yer a guardian now, kid! Shouldn' it be obvious or are ya that much of a drongo?" Bunny finally managed to set both feet on the slick ice without toppling over, "Now get yer skinny arse over here!"

"Haha, sorry Kangaroo! Got plans already! I'm a popular guy, places to be, people to see." Jack chuckled,

"Oh don't give me tha' bull-" before Bunny could finish, Jack was swept into the sky by the North Wind, and the Pooka's feet slipped out from under him with a yelp. The boy let out a joyous laugh as Bunny hit the ice hard on his back,

"Don't worry Kangaroo, I'll be back soon. Try not to miss me!"

"FROSTBITE!" Bunny's yell echoed behind Jack as the wind tossed him higher into the sky, lifting him above the clouds and towards the upper atmosphere. Suddenly, Jack's task seemed just a bit heavier.

* * *

><p>Jack spent the rest of the day in New Zealand, sitting under a waterfall and by sundown, was on his way towards Antarctica. The North Wind remained silent but continued to embrace the snowy haired boy, soothing him in ways only it could. Jack closed his eyes and simply let the wind pull him along through the starlit night. His mind listed what had to be done for the seemingly hundredth time that day: Meet with Mother Nature to inquire about any changes, if necessary. Receive the ceremonial robes from Mother Nature. Cleanse his body. Arrive at the ritual location of his choice. Cleanse the area. Meditate. Perform. Rest. This ceremony, performed only at the end of each year, was one of his lesser known duties as the Spirit of Winter, and he intended it to remain a secret, even to those who he hoped he would be able to call his friends in the near future. The North Wind whispered in his ear and Jack begrudgingly turned to face the icy mountains beneath him. A clearing of blue tinted ice came into view. Nestled within the protective barriers of miles of pure ice and snow. The plain was located directly in the center of Antarctica. It had taken Jack years to sculpt the land into his private studio, a stage to perform and walls to keep from prying eyes or other disturbances. He landed on the edge of his round stage, a perfect mile length in diameter. The North Wind circled around waiting for its ward to commence the ritual that was needed. Jack observed the circle, it was untouched by animals, humans, and spirits alike. The boy sighed, propping his staff against the glacier like wall and lifted his blue hoodie over his head, letting it drop to the snow as he began to strip the rest of his clothing. The cold barely sent a chill through his bare body, as only the Spirit of Winter himself could stand to be in such temperatures. From the satchel he produced a pair black leggings. Elegant silver stitching spiraled its

way up the leggings, reminiscent of his own frost designs. They were low on his hips and left his feet bare, as he preferred. Next came a black robe-like tunic. A wide collar showed his ghostly pale collar bones and neck but a hood ending in a point at mid back hid most of his white hair save for a single, stubborn lock that stuck up. The full length sleeves clung to his upper arms then began to gently drape into cloth going past his knees. The body of the tunic stopped at mid thigh with a comfortable fitted style. Silver stitching made itself known again by winding around the edges of the sleeves and hood, going down the side of the tunic. Finally, full length black gloves that started with a silver ring on the middle finger of each hand. Jack stuffed his clothes into the satchel and set it aside to gently pick up his shepards hook, beginning to walk around the edge of the snow covered plain, his bare feet not making a sound nor leaving a print. His hand traced the wall, tracing the ancient runic carvings he had done so long ago and infusing some of his own magic to purify the area of any unwanted residue. Satisfied that nothing was amiss, the spirit boy started towards the middle of the circle where he perched upon his staff cross legged and closed his eyes. If he was to do the ritual properly then he had to clear his mind. The North Wind settled around him contently, the East Wind lazily spiraled in the sky above, the South Wind winding through the titanic mountains of ice, and the West Wind just arriving. An hour to midnight of New Years's Eve, was the official beginning of the ceremony. Jack couldn't help but wonder if his family, the one he barely remembered, had come through here. Had they recognized him in the midst of the ritual? Did they even notice him? They had passed so long ago, he couldn't remember if any particular souls had intentionally sought him out during his performance. It troubled him to no end, the thought of ferrying his own family to the afterlife. And with the Man in the Moon above him, shining bright, as his only audience and the four great winds as his assistants Jack Frost began his dance of death; the Ritual of Night.<p>

Staff laid horizontally at his feet, facing north, Jack raised his left arm and turned his head to look westward,

"Hail, Guardian of the Watch Tower of the West. Elemental of Water. I call upon you to gather here with me, in perfect love and perfect trust." The West Wind quickly descended and wrapped around Jack in greeting.

The Spirit of Winter held both arms straight up with his gaze towards the sky, "Hail, Guardian of the Watch Tower of the South. Elemental of Fire. I call upon you to gather here with me, in perfect love and perfect trust." The South Wind also dove down to greet the boy and began to circle him with the West Wind.

Jack brought his gaze to the East with only his right arm raised, "Hail, Guardian of the Watch Tower of the East. Elemental of Air. I call upon you to gather here with me, in perfect love and perfect trust." The East Wind rushed forth and joined its brothers surrounding the boy.

Eyes to the North and both arms raised in front of him, "Hail, Guardian of the Watch Tower of the North. Elemental of Earth. I call upon you to gather here with me, in perfect love and perfect trust." Finally the North Wind joined and curled itself tightest around Jack, who couldn't help but to close his eyes for a moment and smile softly as the winds caressed him like a long lost friend. It was the East

Wind who lifted his staff up so Jack could grab it and in one swift move he took one step forward and spun on his heel. The four winds flew upwards and out to form a barrier around the plain. Jack continued to move his limbs in graceful arcs. His feet glided across the ice, staff twirling in his hands, long legs spinning his lithe body and bounding across the surface. Spectral lights began to appear on the horizon, growing brighter as they sped towards the Spirit of Winter, his calling being heard around the world. The winds let the souls of the deceased pass through without harm and soon the night sky was alight with a ghostly pallet of colors. Jack danced, his eyes closed, concentrating on the movements he had performed for hundreds of years. A song of mourning and sorrow, of laughter and peace began. Jack's body began to move faster in response. His feet moving and stopping at precise angles, knees bending in accordance, hips swaying, arms stretching and curling with trained flexibility. Apparitions would flicker into being for a spare moment; musicians of various instruments playing in tune, voices of all ages joined in a chorus of the dead, harmonizing and swaying to a song only they knew. The winds began to circle faster into a cyclone, welcoming souls into their embraces but letting none escape. Jack leapt and spun, glided and swayed to the dead's song, summoning more onto his stage, each one adding their own part to the melody that grew louder. The pillar of lights ascended far into the sky and child's laughter was heard while their apparitions appeared on the surface of the ice, dancing with the one who summoned them for one last game. Jack balanced on one leg with his other bent close to his thigh. His hands spinning the staff straight above him when the wood began to glow an eerie pale blue. The inside of the hook began to ice over in thick layers, shooting outward into a frosted curved blade, a scythe befitting the Winter King. Another crescendo of music and Jack began his lethal dance anew, black cloth flowing with his movements. The souls stretched themselves into threads, the winds guiding them downwards towards the youth. The scythe of ice cut through the threads and they immediately faded away, their ties to the earth being severed, allowing them to move on in peace. The millions of threads waltzed with the winds, their burdens and shackles being cut free with every move the white haired boy made. The song began to fade with the threads, its composers thinning away. The winds lessened now that their prisoners were disappearing. The hood and sleeves of his tunic flowed with the Spirit of Winter, his scythe continuing to free the condemned, his feet continuing to move with an ethereal grace so few possessed. One last gliding spin across his stage brought Jack down onto one knee, his scythe held before him with crossed arms. He awoke from his trance, scanning the area for any renegade spirits. Seeing none, he fell to the ground panting heavily and the four winds rushed to his side,

"I'm fine." He smiled sincerely, raising his hand to caress the West Wind, "Rapunzel's ceremony will be starting soon. You guys don't want to be late." Jack fell back into the snow, blue eyes looking straight towards the sky that was now devoid of the once unearthly colors. Closing his eyes he began to recite the last words:

"I thank thee, Guardian of the Watch Tower of the West, for your protection. Go now in Peace." The West Wind nuzzled against his lax body before shooting towards the North Pole,

"I thank thee, Guardian of the Watch Tower of the South, for your protection. Go now in Peace." South Wind hesitated but followed its brother to the north,

"I thank thee, Guardian of the Watch Tower of the East, for your protection. Go now in Peace." East Wind ruffled his hair then took its leave of the boy,

"I thank thee, Guardian of the Watch Tower of the North, for your protection. Go now in Peace." North Wind remained curled around Jack protectively, "I'll be fine resting here by myself." snowy locks moved slightly when the North Wind merely curled tighter but soon it heard its own summons. Whispering promises to come back soon, the wind left him laying in the soft snow. It was time to rest and let the natural energy flowing in the ice surround him. With a soft sigh, Jack drifted into slumber, letting the frosted scythe crumble to pieces so only the wooden staff remained. The Ritual of Night was complete.

* * *

><p>Notes:<p>

To me, Life and Death just don't seem to fit into a persona, they feel more like concepts that automatically happen with no control what so ever.

I decided to make the seasonal spirits the four animated teens we all love:

Rapunzel & her assistants; Eugene, Maximus, and Pascal (_Tangled_): Spring, she also performs the Ritual of Day. It calls forth new life into the earth and she performs at the North Pole in front of all the attending spirits. Its often seen as the main event and happens at midnight on New Years Day.

Hiccup+Toothless & their assistants; Astrid and Stormfly (_How to Train Your Dragon_): Summer

Merida & her assistants; Elinor and Angus (_Brave_): Autumn

Jack Frost as winter, of course. He was created by MiM though, while the others were created by Mother Nature. That's why he doesn't have/need any assistants.

The entire time I was writing this, I was listening to Moonlight - Electric Cello by The Piano Guys. To really get a feel for the dance Jack does, I suggest listening to it. Also, internet cookies for anyone who knows what the Ritual of Night is based off of. I, myself, am a proud member of it :D

2. The Dark Side of Winter

First chapter! :D This is the first of three or four chapters before I put up the highly requested sequel to 'Dance of Death'. I was actually quite surprised at how many reviews I got. Seriously, I started crying, you people made me so happy. I just hope this little arc can live up to everyone's expectations. It's an idea I've been tinkering with since shortly after seeing the movie the first time.

Now, without further delay, enjoy!

* * *

><p>Jack wasn't exactly sure when 'it' first happened, but he knew it had been at least half a century as an immortal. The white haired youth had already met the Sandman, Easter Bunny, North, and several other spirits; most of those meetings hadn't ended ideally. With each passing day his depression worsened and his will to live faded away little by little. Jack would sit and stare off into the distance for hours at a time, laying in the snow with no awareness of his surroundings. The four winds combined to try and save Jack Frost from the cruelty of his own element, but were met with failure. Sandy, whom Jack had met shortly after his birth from the lake, noticed immediately. The Guardian of Dreams had seen such a thing happen far too many times already and the thought of it happening to a spirit as young as Jack Frost troubled the Sandman to no end. However, he couldn't keep the Spirit of Winter under twenty four hour surveillance, no matter how much he wanted to. Sandy couldn't begin to fathom how broken Jack had become.<p>

His first fit was with a few water spirits up in New York. Jack had been freezing over some of the rivers and lakes in preparation for the winter; making sure the ice was thick and sturdy enough to hold any of the humans who wished to ice skate. Until a tendril of water shot from the first, and thinnest, layer of ice he had just set down. It wrapped around his bony ankle with a feeling Jack associated with octupi (the winter child had a fear of the sea faring creatures since he first stumbled upon them.) Three distinctly female shapes slithered up from the river; they were of wispy limbs, angled faces, and constantly turning water made their bodies simmer in the sunlight. One floated forward, a school of minnow frantically swimming around in her torso while her lower half was still merged with the river,

"A winter spirit." the soft voice, accompanied with a hiss, made the spirit's liquid body ripple violently, "You are not welcome. Leave!" the other two moved to surround the snow haired child, his ankle still trapped,

"Leave this place!" a lower voice than the one before sounded, leaves swirling inside her head and hair,

"Leave!" the shortest whispered, venom lacing that single word thoroughly. Jack wiggled his foot slightly and the water relinquished it's hold, allowing the wind to pull its charge higher into its protective embrace. The river spirits kept their faces tilted in his direction,

"I understand this is your territory, but my duty calls for me to ice over bodies of water. I won't freeze it all the way, just-" Jack was barely able to dodge the water tendril that shot towards him,

"No!"

"We will not allow it!"

"You are not wanted!" Jack rapidly stiffened,

"Not...wanted?" so many spirits, the ones just like him, the only

ones who could see him, had said those same words. He wasn't wanted. He wasn't needed. By anyone. Several water tendrils whipped forth from the river to surround Jack in a spiraling tower. The white haired boy wasn't able to dodge as the slithering water enclosed around him, constricting him,

"Suffer!

"Decease!"

"Die!" Die? Jack didn't want to die, not yet, not at the hands of these wenches. He couldn't move. He couldn't breathe. Jack Frost panicked. The river spirits were dragging him downwards inch by terrifying inch. North Wind tore round him, frantically pulling at its young friend, but the winter child's staff had been dropped into the raging waters below. The very same ones now licking at pale toes with a ravenous hunger,

"No! Let me go! Please!" Jack cried and struggled with no success. What did he do wrong? Why were they doing this? Sapphire eyes, wide with terror, stared pleadingly at the three spirits now lingering above him. They held no pity nor remorse, only a sense of righteous anger. In the fog of Jack's mind, a hollow chuckle resounded,

'It's okay, just let go. Let go, Jackie' the feeling of hands clamped over his eyes and he was pulled backwards into the devouring water; falling blindly into a forced sleep.

Jack regained consciousness hours later. He could feel the ice he was lying on, the quiet air of death, and the metallic taste of blood in his mouth. He dreaded opening his eyes; he didn't want to face the carnage he knew was waiting in the waking world. The wind snuggled around the child, pulling gently at his hair and soon Jack was opening his eyes. The sky was no longer clear; gray storm clouds blanketed the late evening sky to cast shadows on the thoroughly frozen river. Three crystalline forms jumped from the river beneath, their faces distorted in with horror and cracks skittering across their surfaces. What little light was left filtered through the sculptures (they were no longer river spirits, he knew, because they no longer had life) with an eerie beauty. There was a thin layer of snow but most of the area was encased in ice. A tomb that was once a small village less than fifty feet from the shore. Jack simply stood with wobbling knees. A fragile silence hung in the air; no birds sung, no insects chirped, no trees creaked, and the wind sat in mourning. The Spirit of Winter screamed. He screamed loud and clear, long and steadfast; his wails echoing and vibrating the air with such a broken cry that unseeing ears could hear the child's pitiful sounds. The four winds heeded his call, rushing to their child's aid in hopes of giving him comfort and security and Jack hoped, more so than the Guardian of Hope himself, that he hadn't been the cause of such a disaster.

It was all for naught.

Because Jack knew, deep in his child-like mind, Jack knew what he had done. He just didn't know how.

The child of winter could hear the wailing dead. Their lives ended prematurely. Their souls still lingered in confusion and fright, unable to find solace in their homes of loved ones; because Jack

Frost had taken it all away. He sobbed and raged and shrieked louder still. The winds formed a barrier around their charge, reflecting his torment. Storm clouds of blackened terror rolled in. Sharpened snow flew in a frenzy. Hail rained down from the sky above. Sleet slashed at everything in reach, and a bone chilling cold spread throughout the land. The Great Blizzard of 1888 had begun.

* * *

><p>Since that unforgivable year in New York, Jack would have occasional black outs with varying lengths of time between them. He was always relieved to wake up to an area of peaceful snowfall. It never stopped the crawling beneath his skin and the constant feel of predatory eyes on him left a loathsome feeling that seemed to slick his mind with a thick, consuming oil. This prompted the frost child to take to flying more often since his 'accident'. North Wind was constantly circling him, the protective deity easily picking up on its friend's discomfort. The East was usually nearby, playfully tugging the child out of the North's grasp and tossing him into the clouds. Jack enjoyed the 'Keep Away' game the East would initiate with the North. The South and the West would often join them for brief periods of time when they weren't busy shepherding the rain clouds and such. Being able to laugh and forget his piling troubles to enjoy clear blue skies ringing with the laughter of children. Though, whenever Jack awoke from an unexpected blackout, he noticed how his friends seemed...different. They would blow across his face, checking his eyes, wrapping around him with a delicate touch one would use when handling thin glass. Once they were sure of no injury, East would begin to coo at him, akin to a parent comforting a child. North merely ran soothing fingers through his colorless hair, whispering sweet nothings to Jack, he couldn't help but wonder if it was for his sake or the winds trying to reassure themselves. If another spirit expressed ill intent towards him, the winds were quick to dispatch of said spirit or just as soon whisk their child away to safety. Such security gave Jack a sense of contentedness and ease, but not even the winds, with all their might and wisdom, could not rid Jack of this dark foreboding. The strings wrapping around his limbs. The mist surging through his mind. The voices whispering at the edge of his conscious. Jack Frost knew all too well that 1888 had started an event of unforeseeable circumstances. The first domino had been tipped, but where would the last one fall?<p>

The Great Lakes Storm of 1913 was Jack Frost's second tragedy. With over 250 human deaths and \$100 million lost in cargo, it put a great dent in the community and economy for years to come. He honestly had not meant to cause anything, but the Spirit of Thanksgiving had meant every single word. Jack caught sight of the broad shouldered man with hazelnut eyes and hair. He towered over Jack with his impressive height. A fuzzy mustache and beard mixed with the colonial style clothing (much like the clothes Jack saw in that village by his lake when he had first awoken) gave the man of thirty something years a sense of benevolence. Add the warm twinkle in his eyes and you had the ideal family man, one who was continuously grateful for the good health of his loved ones and spent his spare time playing with his children or helping his wife around the house. The elderly spirit seemed nice enough at a distance but when Jack had gone for a closer look and possibly introduce himself, the man had pulled out an axe (Jack still hadn't figured out just where the other had pulled it from, considering the size of the thing) to swing in the frost child's direction,

"Be gone, Winter Spirit! I will not allow such a demon to wreak havoc upon a time of warmth and gratitude!"

"B-but I-!"

"I know exactly who you are, Jack Frost!" his axe glinted in the sunlight, "A monster of ice and snow with no regards towards others. The day of giving thanks is approaching. I cannot allow you to stay!" hazelnut eyes narrowed in disgust, the warm aura vanishing instantly. Jack panicked,

'He-he wouldn't-!' but all too late the winter child learned a harsh lesson.

Everybody will hurt you.

A flash of bright blue eyes reflected in the steel blade before it was buried deep into his right shoulder, tearing through skin, muscle, and bone with frightening ease. Jack could feel his collarbone splitting, shattering; his flesh being ripped apart with a sickening squelching sound. Crimson liquid splattered across porcelain skin, defiled the shining surface of steel, and labeling the tanned man before him with his cruel actions. His right arm went limp with loss of feeling, letting his precious staff fall thousands of feet into the lake below them. Gravity immediately took over, pulling Jack off the once clean blade with another horrific sound. The Thanksgiving Spirit stayed aloft in the air, watching with eyes hardened by anger and hatred as the Spirit of Winter slid between the wailing wind's fingers. Hitting the water from so far up was similar to hitting concrete, though the pain was minimal compared to the raging fire of his right shoulder, a pain that failed to reach the connected arm. Within seconds, Jack Frost had slipped beneath the water's surface. The waves of his swift entrance smoothed over, not a trace left to mark his existence. Only the mourning wind and the innocent blood splattered across a dead man and his axe.

White hair swirled in the currents, lungs filling with water, dragging the small body further down, and dimming blue eyes continued to stare at the light shining through the lake's surface.

Jack, I'm scared

Its okay

Don't look down, just look at me

We're gonna have a little fun instead

No, we're not!

Believe In Me

"_Jackie, you're scared."_ A body with a build similar to his own pressed itself against his back. Lean arms snaked their way over his own lanky arms and around his torso to hug him tightly, _"You're always so scared."_ a voice whispered but from within his mind or from the very water surrounding him he didn't know, _"You shouldn't have to be so afraid."_

He didn't...?

"_No, Jackie. You shouldn't have to bow down to anyone."_ the arms squeezed him tighter, suffocating, _"We will not bow."

>

>But they...<p>

"_They mock us. Hurt us. Torment us."_ A hand closed over his eyes, _"They cannot break us."

>

>Us...?<p>

"_I'll protect you."_

Jack had longed to hear those words directed at him, the Winter Child no one wanted. This voice in his head, this twisted anomaly, sent shivers down his spine with a bone chilling cold that made his small frame tremble. Those words dripping with sweetened poison were not words the words he dreamed of in his visions of family and comfort. These words were a death sentence, Jack later realized upon hearing news of finding the Thanksgiving Spirit's (Henry, he learned from eavesdropping on a group of immortal) mutilated body. There were no witnesses, no weapons, no evidence. Nothing but the mourning wind and the innocent blood splattered across a dead man and his axe.

Two of the worst storms in history caused by Jack Frost. Not many people could hold such a claim. The scar on his right shoulder burned with the memory of that day. He watched humanity from a distance, too scared to wander closer, least this thing inside him lash out again. Jack refused to allow such an act to happen again, be it human or spirit, deserving or not. He was afraid of himself. Spiraling deeper into himself, into a darkness he feared and yet revered. Letting his mind go numb cut him off from this reality or maybe this was a nightmare, a nightmare he just had to wake up from, wake up to a warm bed, a mother and father, and a little sister jumping on him to wake him up. The blood sliding across his skin, the wind's soft murmurings, and the sting of bruises and cuts assured him, however, that this was no dream, no nightmare, nothing he could wake from. No, it was something far worse than a nightmare. And Jack found, the farther he withdrew into himself, the longer he fell, he cared less and less. He didn't know which scared him more.

* * *

><p>1940 was a particularly rough year for Jack Frost. The Great Depression, while officially over, still had a grip on parts of the United States. For years, Jack had been holding back winter at the cost of his own health. Sandy had already scolded him thirty two times (Jack had counted) and his three seasonal siblings had begun checking on him more frequently,<p>

"The humans can handle a bit of snow, Jack." Hiccup had said while the white haired boy had been scratching Toothless behind the ears, much to the dragons delight, "Your body can't. Vomiting blood is a very bad sign."

"I can handle myself!" he protested, pale hands still petting the reptile,

"I never said you couldn't." the viking rolled his eyes with an

amused smile, "But you're our youngest. We can't help but to worry about you no matter what you do." Hiccup then proceeded to ruffle his hair,

"I'm over two centuries old!" Jack smacked his hand away knowing quite well Hiccup was far older,

"Keep talking, sonny."

... ..

Merida had smacked him upside the head with her bow,
>"I won't stop yew from doing what yew want." her accent thick with her Scottish heritage, "That won't stop me from doing what I want." She then guided his hand over Angus's fur,<p>

"I thought we couldn't be in each others presence...?" uncertainty laced the boy's question,

"Hogwash." the red head snorted, "We can't be near other seasons for _long periods_ of time. Ten minutes won't do any damage to the environment." Angus jingled his reins in agreement,

"Bending the rules?" Jack grinned, "You're a bad influence."

"Aye, that I am." Merida chuckled then rummaged through a saddle bag, "Sweet bun?"

... ..

"Jack!" Rapunzel had appeared out of no where, her brunette hair swinging wildly around in its braid. He swore the woman had teleportation powers no matter how much Eugene denied the theory and laughed at him. Jack would have fallen over from Rapunzel's infamous tackle hug if not for the wind catching them. The girl giggled when the wind flipped her up her hair in a gentle scolding,

"How do you do that!?" the younger asked, once released from the elder's arms,

"I'm a woman Jack, it comes with the intuition." just as sudden as her appearance, a cast iron frying pan was poking his nose, "Now, I heard from the others about why you haven't been feeling so well these past few years." Rapunzel's voice was casually sweet but the undertone of anger was clearly heard. Maximus standing right behind him didn't help either.

... ..

Jack had been on his way to Japan from the east coast of the States when the whisperings began. They were vague mutterings and the immortal teenager would have dismissed them as another figment of his imagination.

If it weren't for the bone chilling cold.

The mourning wind and the innocent blood splattered across a dead man and his axe.

The North Wind pushed Jack faster once it picked up on the boy's

sudden panic. He knew he couldn't run. This...thing was connected to him somehow; the wispy hands at the edge of his vision were no shadow play,

"Go faster. Go faster" bright blue orbs watered, the words being whispered as a prayer of safety, though Jack doubted he was the one who needed protecting,

"I'll protect you." that horrid soothing voice caused his eyes to cloud over, his sight fading into nothing. He was over the mid-west of the States, if the wind could at least get him to the ocean...

That hope was swiftly crushed, his lethargy from holding back winter for so long became overwhelming. A low voice softly guiding him to sleep. With dread as his pillow and fear as his blanket; Jack Frost fell in the the Armistice Day Blizzard.

* * *

><p>His fourth fit happened the day before Easter Sunday of 1968. Jack had been somewhere along the northeast coast of North America when E. Aster Bunnymund appeared before the young spirit. The white haired youth had been lazing on a tree limb after a day of bringing snow to the coastal towns,<p>

"Jack Frost!" he blinked, then looked down to see a giant rabbit standing beneath the tree with a fierce scowl upon his face. Jack swung his legs over to one side of the limb,

"Peter Cottontail! A little lost?" he chuckled at the indignant look from the other,

"Its Bunnymund, ya drongo!" the rabbit growled, "What are ya doin' still hanging around here, mate? It's Spring time!" Bunny shook a fist at him. The younger boy merely dropped backwards to hang by his knees,

"So...?" He drawled with a mischievous grin,

"Yer not needed anymore! Get outta here and stop being useless!" Jack's eyes narrowed. What right did Bunny have calling him useless?!

"One day a year and you're calling me useless. That's an all new low, cottontail." he swung back upright to lean against the tree once more. He could practically hear Bunny's rage boiling,

"Millions of children wait all year for Easter. Millions of children wait all year for me. You, on the otha' hand, give kids hypothermia! No one wants ya around!" Jack stiffened at that. He knew the dangers of his element. The damage he could and had created. The deaths he had caused. It didn't make the knowledge any less painful,

"Please," Jack's voice portrayed confidence, not the anger and sorrow he felt, "Everyone loves winter. It signifies the most important holiday of all." If Bunny wanted to play rough, so would he.

"And that would be?" Bunny's hand drifted towards his boomerang,

"Christmas." the youth enunciated before being knocked from a tree with a carefully aimed boomerang. Jack's head popped out of the snow mound he had landed in before the wind suddenly wrapped around his torso and yanked him backwards. Bunny's huge feet implanted the snow, sending a wave of white upwards,

"Bu-Bunny!?" Jack yelled, ducking a boomerang thrown in his direction. He had yet to figure out how the piece of wood was able to circle around like it did and smack him across the head. Next thing the spirit knew, his wooden staff was knocked away from him and the pooka was throwing him into the lake with a furry fist. Luckily, he landed in shallow water, "What the hell, Bunny?!" Jack stumbled out, now weighted down with water. His cloak seemed to weigh three times as much, helping to slow him down enough for Bunny to pin him down. Blue tinted fur cannon balled at the youth, ramming himself head first into Jack's chest, slamming him into the ground,

"Hold still ya bloody show pony!" he yelled, trying his best to hold the squirming boy,

"No!" in an amazing feat of agility Jack managed to squeeze both his legs past a chest of fur and over Bunny's shoulders to grab his neck with bony knees. Once Bunny had let go of his arms, Jack threw the other to the side, using his weight and momentum to keep himself rolling off the giant rabbit to the ground. He skittered away, his head turning wildly, eyes searching madly for his precious staff. Not even a glimpse of the weapon could be found. One of Bunny's feet connected to his back, sending him into a nearby tree to be showered with the snow piled on its bare branches, "Ow..." Jack groaned, his arms shaking and vision wavering, "Why...?" wide, sapphire eyes gazed upward, a hint of fear laced through the snowflake irises.

"Easter is tomorra' an' yer not gonna ruin it again, Frost." his thick Australian accent rang through Jack's ears. "The otha' Guardians an' I are far to busy to be dealin' with selfish little sprites throwin' temper tantrums!"

"Other Guardians...?" Jack muttered, he had been trying to get their attention, just a moment was enough, to ask 'who am I?' and 'what is my purpose?'; they were supposed to help others...weren't they? Jack stood on wobbling legs, "But I-"

"WE DON'T CARE!" Bunny took a threatening step towards the Spirit of Winter, "Every year, ya do nothin' but cause trouble and destruction! Ya kill people an' destroy homes, just like that blizzard twenty eight years ago! I ain't lettin' ya do the same thing to my holiday!" Jack's mind

"I-It was an accident!" the wind shifted slightly to Jack's left and with a glance, the boy saw the end of his staff sticking out from a bush, "I lost control and-"

"I don't want yer excuses." Bunny started towards Jack with a fierce glare and paws out stretched to catch him,

"NO!" Jack screamed and ran to the side towards his shepherd's crook. He was only a few feet away when Bunny tackled him to the ground.

Jack Frost had no recollection of anything afterwards. A desolate winter scene greeted the white haired child upon awakening; five feet of snow camouflaged cars, mailboxes, plant life, and all of the unfortunate woodland creatures. Icicles hung from every available surface, broken windows were boarded from the inside, and a deathly still silence filled the air. He had to get out. Get away. Run away from that terrifying laughter that echoed in his head with a sadistic glee. He refused the comfort of the winds, the safety of their intangible arms. He refused to hear that familiar voice in the back of his mind. He refused to acknowledge that he was the one who did this.

* * *

><p>It wasn't the sequel you guys wanted, but I hope everyone found this chapter to their liking. I had a hard time figuring out how to portray Jack's other self. I really liked writing Hiccup, Merida, and Rapunzel though. If ya'll are okay with it, I would love to write some more about them and their sibling bond with Jack and possibly throw in SeraphinaMother Nature in as well.

On another note, all the blizzards/storms mentioned above are actual historical events (except the Blizzard of '68, pretty sure that one was made up just for the movie). I think I may have made Bunnymund a bit too cruel, but he has reasons that I might touch up on later. If I do more one shots or a series, I'm going to go into depth about the negative relationship between Bunny and Jack and explore his other relationships with the guardians, but for now, I'm just gonna stick to subtle hints here and there.

>So, review, critique, point out any errors with spelling or grammar and I will be overjoyed :D<p>

3. The Dark Side of Jack

Thank you for the encouraging reviews everyone! I hope ya'll like this chapter, it was kind of hard O.o

I got this one out sooner than the last one though. 8D

Probably because I'm dog sitting instead of being at home, doing chores. Either way, good for you guys, right?

Anyways, I'm actually thinking of combining this arc with storyline of the first chapter to come up with a bigger/more dramatic plot line. Opinions? Yay or Nay?

Warnings: language and maybe some imagery...? I honestly don't know what standards everyone has for that sort of thing...

Happy Reading!

* * *

><p>Sanderson ManSnoozie: star pilot extraordinaire and close friend to Jack Frost; was worried. The Winter Child he had become so fond of was, in a word, decaying. The boy no longer exuded energy, laughter, and curiosity. No, Jack was becoming increasingly sullen and withdrawing from everything; just as his predecessors did before ultimately passing from this world. It was why winter spirits, in

general, were such a rare breed and, more often than not, were seen as creatures of death and destruction. Mother Nature and the Man in the Moon had combined their powers into such a young vessel in hopes of preventing this exact predicament; but the Sandman knew, better than most, that history was always bound to repeat itself.<p>

Until something strange happened with the young winter bringer. Jack Frost's consciousness 'disappeared'. As a giver of dreams, Sandy was well tuned to the minds of mortals and immortals alike. He'd been keeping a close watch over Jack to insure pleasant dreams (a useful trick, being able to keep track of someone despite being on the other side of the world), knowing the boy could cease existing soon. The ancient being remembered the sudden panic at sensing Jack's life force but not his mind when it first happened in 1888. He had immediately rushed to the other's location only to find a raging blizzard in play, yet Jack was still 'gone'. Sandy had waited the storm out and eventually found the child collapsed on top of a pile of snow, the wind swirling worriedly above him. The little man had sat by him until he awoke and the Sandman had never been so relieved to feel someone else's consciousness. He would have felt even better if Jack had not decided to keep his mouth shut, for once (the child had a tendency to talk...a lot. Sandy could not deny that.)

The Sandman never solved the mystery and had deemed to forget about the near heart attack...until it happened again in 1913 and another in 1940; and those were only the extended periods. Each time, Sandy would find Jack but the boy refused to talk (and Sandy had always thought being mute himself was bad.) He finally had a breakthrough in 1968. Sandy would never forget what had transpired that day. How someone so innocent could cause such harm. How severely Jack Frost had been damaged.

Sanderson ManSnoozie found him shortly after Jack had fled to Antarctica in a panic. The Sandman had been, simply said, pissed, but he was willing to hear Jack's side of the story. Jack knew he was screwed; his staff in the golden man's possession, eyes piercing straight through him, and the fact that Sandy, a loyal friend for well over two centuries, was the one being Jack and the wind respected the most; even the wind, all four of them, agreed that yes, Jack Frost was, indeed, screwed. It was only a matter of minutes before the snowy haired boy began to tremble and opened his mouth to confess everything when a sharp tug at Jack's being silenced him. The Sandman could sense it as well, the way Jack's consciousness was being pulled apart and fading. When the bone chilling cold settled in, affecting both occupants of the treacherous tundra; Sandy knew he was about to find out what had been scaring Jack for so long and he knew it was something undeniably horrid. The shorter of the two cautiously floated closer to the other, amber eyes flickering over the youth with concern while simultaneously sending out small tendrils of dream sand to scour the plain for any threats. An exclamation point appeared over the dream weaver's head when Jack fell over onto his side unconscious. The man paused only a foot away from the child. Jack's mind had completely vanished despite having the physical body laying in front of him. A small, round face scrunched up in determination. Fists clenched, feet marching forward, and streams of golden dream sand rapidly stirring; Sanderson ManSnoozie was on a mission of great importance. He was just about to place a hand on Jack's shoulder when a bigger, pale hand grabbed the elder spirit's wrist.

Warm amber eyes against frigid violet.

A perfect smile flashed up at Sandy, but the little man would not be fooled. This was not Jack Frost. This was not the Spirit of Winter who played with children and handed out happiness at the cost of his own. This was not the child of ice and snow he'd come to love and cherish.

No, this creature was of anger and bitterness, sorrow and despair, a creature created by the agony of a suffering child; the negative energy pouring forth from this demon clashed violently with the light of the omnipotent Sandman and his dreams.

"Sanderson." Deeper, darker than the charming frost child. The next moment was a flurry of movement; golden whips flying and the pale skinned boy flipping backwards. A maniacal giggle escaped from the thing's mouth. Dream sand formed shapes above Sandy's head; a miniature Jack Frost then an 'x' over it,

"You're not Jack."

"First you attack me, then you have the nerve to tell me I'm not me? I'm wounded, Sanderson, truly." This...thing (not Jack, it could never be Jack, no matter how much it pretended) began rolling up the sleeves of Jack's tattered, old bomber jacket. Showing off deeply inflicted scars running the length of the thin arms, _"I am Jack, but I'm not Jackie. He's sleeping. Resting where this cruel reality can no longer reach him. The poor lad is so lost and confused, frightened beyond belief."_ The thing chuckled before Jack's voice spilled out of the thing's mouth,

"Why are these people hurting me?"

"Why can't anyone see me?"

"Why won't I die?"

"What did I do wrong!?"

"It's all jumbling, really," It's voice returned to its previous demented state, _"but you get the gist of it."_ The cheshire smile never left its face, nor the darkness in its eyes. Fingers flexing and smile widening into a bearing of teeth, the thing's arms erupted with spikes of frozen crimson. Sandy stood his ground, panic etched into his features, an exclamation point echoing his thoughts. The creature let out a laugh, twisted with malice and glee, truly sadistic, before lithe legs launched the body at Sandy with wicked intent. An arm swung and the Sandman had to dodge a barrage of blood spikes,

"Jack's blood..." Sandy thought, a shiver vibrating his sand. A whip lashed out to wrap around the wrist of this monster in Jack's skin. The dream sand immediately froze and Sandy had to use his other whip to reflect the second wave of crimson spikes while more sprouted from the pale arms to renew ammunition,

"Give me a dream, Mr. Sandman!" The monster cackled, angling one of his feet to pivot on an ankle and spinning to face the eldest spirit. Just as Sandy spun to face it, the thing once again launched into a blur of movement and swerved to circle around the small man, tiny

droplets of blood splattering across the ice. A flick of the wrist sent the projectiles towards Sandy, where they lodged into his upper torso; he winched but the spikes of frozen blood were soon pushed out by the golden grains of sand that made up the Sandman's suit,

"Give Jack back his body!" written in neat cursive above Sandy's head to clearly convey his point,

"No." the demon said simply, stepping forward casually. The blood running in rivulets down its hands froze at the fingertips, forming claws, _"As much as it will hurt Jackie, I have to eradicate you."_ The creature seemed happy to say those words, a content smile stretching across its lips, _"Everyone will hurt us. It is fact. Therefore, I am the hunter; hurt before you are hurt, kill before you are killed. These are the principles on which we have survived as Jack Frost."_ Sandy's gut seemed to fall out at that moment in time; the creature was implying someone had tried to kill Jack and in retaliation, the prey had turned into the hunter. Violet eyes narrowed while the smile stayed in place, not an inch out of line. This...hunter tilted its head to the side, _"Are you afraid, Sanderson? Horrified? Perhaps disgusted by the blood on our hands? The bodies pierced by icicles. The screams of the dying. The frostbitten terror of knowing you're staring death right in the eye?"_ a deep chuckle sounded, _"Now doesn't that sound positively fun?!"_ The chuckle turned into a full laugh. This embodiment of insanity leapt forth and Sandy closed his eyes,

'I'm sorry, Jack' the Sandman thought, _'but I have to stop this thing before it gets out of hand!_' Honey eyes snapped open and whips of sand lashed out. The creature just about to pierce him with bloodied claws gave a yelp of shock when both whips wrapped around its neck then flung the lean body into the ground repeatedly before the whips were frozen and destroyed,

"Insolent basterd!" it shouted, blood trickling from its snarling mouth, a gash in its head also leaked crimson fluid while its right arm was bent at an awkward angle. When it stumbled forward it was with a limp, narrowed violet eyes dimming with blood loss, _"You would cause such damage to your dear friend?"_ another laugh darkened by madness, _"You can not stop what has been started. This world has cast its lot and wrought its own damnation! They cast us as death and misery so death and misery we will bring!"_ a cracking sound from behind made the spirit spin and freeze the multitude of sand tendrils coming from behind, _"Sneaky little fuck-"_ when the white haired body turned around to face Sandy once more, a golden fist of dream sand, roughly the same size as the winter spirit, rammed straight into it, sending the decrepit demon into a cliff face.

Sandy waited until the cloud caused by the crashing ice had subsided before darting forth. His whips still held in hand as he searched through the rubble to find the unconscious body of Jack Frost. The Sandman sighed in relief upon finding the boy still breathing...and his original personality returning. Sandy sprinkled a pinch more of dream sand over the white hair before gathering the youth onto a golden cloud and speeding away from Antarctica. The little man knew who to see and raced to his destination with haste.

* * *

><p>Mother Nature, known as Seraphina to some, and 'Mother' to her

four seasons, sat by the side of her Winter Spirit. Jack laid in a simple bed within the sanctuary of her home, bandages covering his torso and head while braces were strapped onto his arm and leg. Sandy floated outside on the balcony, his concentration tied to something in his hands that glowed with the moon light.<p>

The tall woman, with flowing black hair and an ethereal beauty, was worried. It was well known among the seasonal spirits that Jack Frost was the favorite of Mother Nature; the boy who so fondly called her 'mother', his eyes brightening whenever he saw her (although when asked, the seasonals would not deny playing favorites with Jack as well. He was the youngest, the eager pup trying to prove himself to his older siblings.) Like any good mother, Seraphina had panicked and demanded to know what had happened while simultaneously grabbing Jack and summoning her medical sprites. She had picked up on Jack's odd behavior during the last few decades; her three oldest seasons often mentioning it in reports and talking about it directly to her. She would have never guessed the situation would spiral out of hand so quickly. The woman was grateful it had been Sanderson who had found...this other Jack. Her spiritual son would be in a far graver state of affairs had it been another spirit, one not so closely connected with Jack, or possibly one of the spirits who loathed the frost child. Still, the problem had been found and with it, the possibility of a solution. Maybe if she had paid more attention, the boy wouldn't be lying injured before her, or maybe she should have tried to involve herself more with the younger's life. perhaps-

"Mother...?" a light voice asked, followed by a groan. It successfully pulled Mother Nature out of her depressing 'What If' thoughts,

"Jack, how do you feel?" her gentle voice helped to calm the winter child, as well as the tan hand running through white locks of hair,

"My head hurts..." groggy blue eyes blinked, "I...I was in Antarctica..."

"It's okay, Jack, I know. Sanderson told me everything." Seraphina lifted a cloth from a bowl on the nightstand, placing it on his forehead, "You're running a high fever. You'll be on break and staying with me until you heal."

"S-Sandy!" sudden alertness caused Jack to bolt up an inch off his pillow before Mother Nature stopped him with her hand, still placed on his head,

"He's fine, Jack. Completely unharmed." a soft smile appeared in Jack's vision and he relaxed once more. Hearing the conversation, the Sandman decided to make his entrance, a proud grin across his face and necklace in hand. He went to Jack's side and fluidly tied the string around Jack's neck. In response, the child let out an agonized, two-tone scream and clutched his chest. His insides began to burn, claws raking down the inside of his torso. It was fighting, whatever this thing was, it wasn't going down without a fight. He could feel Mother running a soothing hand through his hair, her voice telling him to breathe. Jack took in a gulp of air and the pressure was released bit by bit. Then, like a tornado fading away, the pain subsided and Jack could no longer feel the darkness in his mind, the

shadow fingers skittering at the edge of his vision. Not even the scent of innocent blood splattered across a dead man and his axe.

The Winter Spirit fell limp onto the mattress below him, his Mother's hand still running through his hair and another reaching for the cloth she had thrown into the chilled bowl of water in haste. Brilliant sapphire eyes blinked open, a clarity in them that hadn't been seen since long ago,

"Sandy...?" The little man formed a picture of a thumbs up over his head. It morphed into a crescent shape when Jack reached up to touch the piece of jewelry around his neck. He lifted it slightly to stare at it. It was a small sphere contained within delicate, but firm metal work. The patterns twisted and flowed together to form an intricate pattern of dazzling silver. The sphere, itself, was clear, except for the miniature white light floating inside. It seemed to hum with life and blinked once, twice, three times before settling into a dim state,

"Sanderson, Lunar, and I have come up with a solution. This necklace contains a moon beam, Jack. It is a direct light source, able to keep the darkest of nights at bay. Keep this with you and you need not worry about changing again." Seraphina explained, putting a graceful hand on Jack's to close his pale fingers around the necklace,

"Wait...so this will keep everyone safe...?" He asked in shock and Sandy nodded vigorously. A tiny Jack Frost, staff in hand, flew about the room with a grand display of air acrobatics, a smile, seemingly too big for it, adorning its face. Jack watched the figure with excitement. His entire being seemed lighter in comparison to the last century. A full smile coming easily and a laugh even more so. The feeling spread and Seraphina leaned down to hug her son,

"It will keep ****you**** safe, Jack."

* * *

><p>Two months later, Sandy was contently spreading his dream sand. The boisterous laughter of a winter spirit filling the background. The wind seemed to laugh along with the boy and mildly disrupted the streams of gold flowing to the children beneath, but Sandy couldn't find it in himself to care much. Not when the care free youth soared past him with a bright, true smile. Jack Frost was happy and the Sandman was positive that this time, history would change.<p>

And perhaps Jack Frost was not so broken.

* * *

><p>Notes:<p>

I got really stuck on the fight between Jack and Sandy, I just couldn't seem to get it out...until I started having a conversation with the dogs. They were surprisingly helpful :) Quick note; I tried to make the other Jack (I need to come up with a name for this guy) a bit...insane, he is the embodiment of 300 years of mental suffering, after all.

On another note, for randomness. Jack is kind of based off me towards the end. I had been in a psychiatric hospital when I fell sick. They always checked our vitals each morning. When they asked how I felt, I said "My head hurts..." while the walls were waving at me. Few seconds later, my temperature came up as 103 degrees Fahrenheit. Being that sick away from home is hell.

I also like the fact the Mother Nature acts like a mother x3 Jack doesn't remember anything, while his 'siblings' (Hiccup, Merida, and Rapunzel) remember everything from their past life. I figured Jack would know what a mother is, but since he can't remember having one, he latched onto the closest thing he had. I'd imagine Seraphina would be a bit shocked but ultimately thrilled that Jack thinks of her as such (she ****is**** Mother Nature though, she's bound to be busy...a lot.) I'd love to do a story about them as a family :D I might do a one-shot of that.

Please keep in mind that for this story, I imagine Jack as fourteen (I like to imagine his hoodie is a bit too big for him, he'd look so cute xD) while Hiccup, Merida, and Rapunzel are in the 17-21 area (They're not the ones who died, after all.)

Please review and point out any mistakes so I can fix them! I know one of you suggested more spacing so I tried to incorporate that and went back and spaced out the second chapter as well :)

4. The Dark Side of the Moon

Hey everyone! Sorry for the delay, but here is chapter four! I hope it lives up to everyone's expectations. If I made any mistakes, please point them out to my sleep deprived self so I may fix them. After this, there will be one more chapter and then 'Dance of Death' will be complete! My first completed story! I won't bother you with my hype though, so please read, review, and enjoy!

* * *

><p>Frigid violet eyes stared down into Pitch's eerie yellow orbs; unwavering, fierce, and enraged. Black blood oozed from beneath crimson spikes, embedded in the trembling body of the Boogiemán. Golden sand whips crackled as they formed in the small hands of the Sandman. His three companions stood in shock at the drastic change their youngest member had gone through. Sandy didn't know how Pitch found out about Jack's alternate self or why the man would want to unleash such a thing, but looking down at the gray skinned body cowering beneath the winter spirit's gaze, hands raised in defense, and the pure fear radiating from the Nightmare King. Sandy could tell Pitch regretted his decision to remove the moonbeam necklace; the safety that kept the monster from its destruction. It was too late. The price would be paid in blood. The monster Sanderson Mansnoozie had defeated in 1968 was free once more and of the numerous emotions spilling from this negative being; unbridled fury was the most prominent. The presence of such a demon weighing down on his center. Pitch scrambled backwards, hefting himself onto unstable legs,

"Frost-" he began,

"Jackie's not here at the moment." the thing said, its voice

strangely two-toned, a mix between its own and Jack's, "You should know this Pitch Black." it stepped closer and Pitch found he couldn't move, the air becoming heavier, constricting his lungs, cutting into his flesh "You are the one who wished to talk to me, no? The one who freed me in hopes of gaining help? To spread his fear?" a giggle that descended into madness, "I was hunted down and beaten. Bound and stabbed. Denied freedom and salvation. I don't do fear, Pitchy." a perfect white smile flashed from beneath thin lips, but Tooth refused to take a step closer, refused to believe that this was Jack Frost, the Guardian of Joy, "I do pain and misery, the very same that was gifted to me by this world and they shall receive back what they gave so willingly."

"Wha-what the hell are you!?" the Boogieman screeched before the demon in Jack's skin flicked his wrist and two blood spikes lodged themselves into Pitch's eyes. The tall man shrieked and stumbled, clawing at his useless eyes. A sudden burst of air sent Pitch flying backwards into the snow. His body plowing through to lay limply. Sandy could hear the gasps from his fellow Guardians behind him, sense their growing terror, their frightened curiosity, and the morbid confusion they emitted was all too apparent,

"Jack...?" North muttered and what a horrid mistake, Sandy thought, when slitted violet eyes snapped towards their direction. Bunny's ears pinned themselves to his head; Tooth's wings gave out, landing her petite feet on the ground; North shrunk into himself; and Sandy visibly stiffened. The thing began walking towards the cowering Guardians, its cheshire grin never faltering. The wind, forced into obedience, began to roar and swirl around the occupants of the icy tundra. Closer it came, closer it walked, until Jack's lithe body stopped only a few feet from the group, crouching to pick up the wooden crook that had been abandoned in the earlier scuffle. Crimson blood dripped off the exposed pale arms of the winter spirit when new spikes erupted in anticipation. The staff, once seemingly harmless, was covered in thick layers of frost, the end forming itself into an elongated point. Sanderson stepped forward, warm, amber eyes glaring into frigid violet, whips slithering in preparation, and determination coursing through his round body,

"It's been a while, Sanderson. Forty-five years? How could you be so mean?" this thing that wasn't Jack chuckled in its odd tone of voice. Violet eyes darting to the myths behind him, "Dreams, wonder, hope, and memories; the beloved Guardians of Childhood. Let me tell you a story, a tale not by Mother Goose, but a real story, just for you." the white haired body shifted to the side and began to pace, the iced over staff twirling between thin fingers,

"Once upon a time, there was a human boy. He was an older brother, prankster, and deeply loved until that one day in winter, the day filled with wonder as gifts are given and received."

"Christmas..." North whispered as his heart began to quicken its pace. He suddenly did not want to hear this story, this tale of desolation,

"The boy and his little sister were given ice skates from dear ol' Saint Nick, but the man in red wasn't there to save him when the ice cracked and down he went. He was surrounded by darkness and cold and the boy was so scared, but then the moon appeared and gently lifted the boy from his confinement into the light. Everything was going to

be alright, he knew. This child was overjoyed at what he could do; form ice at his will, call the snow to his side, and ride the wind, but perhaps it was not so alright. No one could see this boy. No one could touch the boy. No one cared about the boy."

"I didn't..." North's muttering quieted when it stopped its pacing, turning to pierce it's violet gaze through the guardians who visibly flinched. All but the golden sandman.

"He fled into the night, scared and alone when the moon whispered a name into his ear. The name that would come to define who he was but not why. For three hundred years, this boy would suffer without the joys of this world. Without dreams, wonder, hope, or memories, there can be no joy. With no one to protect him, the boy had to defend himself. He had to learn to fight, to hide his tears, to scream into the night when no one would listen. No one wanted the child of snow and ice, so he retreated into himself where his rampant emotions of such dark origin created something; something who would do what he could not, someone to take away all the agony, the pain, the loneliness, the madness of a world that cast us into the darkest depths! A world that will be no more, its tormentors mangled and torn, its hunters humiliated and hunted!" the thing paused, sucking in a deep breath, "And the boy's name, the one whispered to him so long ago, before he could fall into madness, before he became what you see now, is Jack Frost."

â€| â€| â€|

12 Hours Earlier

â€| â€| â€|

"Jack Frost!" a deep voice bellowed through the workshop of Nicholas St. North. The spirit and recipient of the Australian anger came flying from a nearby hallway and ducked behind the bulky form of Phil, the yeti, who was conveniently in the right place to block the rampant Pooka from seeing the bringer of frost. With a quiet giggle, Jack pulled a metallic blue digital camera from his hoodie pocket and turned it on,

"Bunny! Why so loud? I am having after Christmas nap when you trollop through workshop like yeti child with too many candy canes." North's voice carried down the hall, announcing the man as he turned the corner and entered the room from the same hall Jack had sped from, when a shocked expression fell over Phil's face,

"I know he's here! You can't hide the little hellion forever, North!" the Easter Bunny came stomping from a hallway located on the opposite side of the rather large room, with fur puffed and radiating raw anger.

Until he saw North.

Then E. Aster Bunnymund was completely flabbergasted.

Jack managed a few quick snaps of the camera to immortalize the gaped mouth expressions of the two spirits before each one pointed and began to laugh at each other (and Jack was vaguely reminded of a pair of five year olds he had seen last week.)

Bunny's fur was streaked with red and green that swirled around his torso, legs, and arms like a candy cane. Bits of holly had been tied to the ruff around the Pooka's neck and the longer strand of fur on his chest while a wreath peppered with glittering lights sat crooked around his long ears.

North was in worse shape as he had yet to notice his beard was dyed in rows of pastel blue and pink; the hair that remained on the back of the larger spirit's head was dyed a light green. Tiny ornaments of decorated eggs and fluffy white rabbits hung in the lengthy strands of North's chin, their strings braided into the colored hair next to ribbons. Plastic Easter grass of different colors were strung about the man's outfit and stuffed into overalls; greatly enhanced by the layers of glitter littering the man's outfit, unseen by groggy blue eyes.

"You admit it! Christmas is better than Easter!" the Santa Claus cackled with joy,

"Look in the mirror, dill. You're decked out better than my eggs!"

"What? I do no such thing!" North proclaimed until Bunny plucked a bit of plastic pink grass from the large man's overalls with a smug smirk stretched across his furry face. This caused North's eyes to dilate with horror and look down at his horrific attire, "Rimskey Korsokov!" he exclaimed, "I am ruined!"

"Easter always was better then Christmas, mate."

"Nyet! Christmas will always triumph over Easter!" while the two holiday spirits began their argument, Jack took the chance to snap more pictures of the walking contradictions, the baffled yeti, and the elves who had split into two groups, each group standing behind either Bunny or North. It was a matter of seconds before the Easter Elf squeaked a war cry (or so Jack assumed) and a 'Battle of the Elves' erupted. The Spirit of Winter decided to make his escape, eagerly flying out a nearby window with an evil cackle. The airborne teen teen secured the camera in his hoodie pocket,

"Wind! To the Tooth Palace!" he was yanked higher into the atmosphere, the wind pulling him along faster now that it had a set course from its young charge. Within two hours, Jack was nearly vibrating with excitement as the grand towers belonging to Toothiana came into view. Several mini fairies had already begun flocking around him. Their precious cargo held in tiny hands as they chirped and trilled at him, accompanying him to their home. Baby Tooth, as if sensing that Jack was nearby, came zipping out to meet the winter spirit, happily greeting him by snuggling into his cheek. Soon, Jack landed and his herd of mini fairies dispersed to continue their duties, but Baby Tooth merely took a seat on his clothed shoulder and babbled on about her day,

'It's been slow, mother went on rounds. We found a opossum, a cute cute opossum! It was a pet, a fluffy pet. I want a pet. Animals are nice. I like animals. Mother won't let me have one. Why won't mother let me have one?!'

"I should have never taken you to that zoo...want to go to another one?"

'Yes yes, please yes!' the heterochromiac fairy began rapidly circling his snowy head. A set of dainty hands reached out to gently cup the fairy,

"Keep it together, Baby Tooth." Tooth said, "Take over for me and I'll let you go with Jack when he leaves." the little fairy saluted then darted away to the central tower to guide her sisters in their teeth collecting, "If she becomes anymore like you, I'll have to be on the lookout for pranks." the woman chuckled. Leading her companion to a nearby bench where he plopped down,

"Don't worry, I'll make sure she's discreet as possible." Jack smirked and Tooth gave an amused eye roll,

"Speaking of pranks, what did you do to North and Bunny?"

"Am I that obvious?"

"A year and a half, Jack. I know by now that you're only this smug after a successful run." the transparent wings allowed Tooth to flutter down onto the bench where they twitched slightly before settling, "Bunny may have also come by earlier looking for. He was wearing his old coat. Care to explain, sweet tooth?"

"I knew it!" Jack laughingly exclaimed, "But it was one of my best, Tooth! I managed to make an Easter Claus and a Santa Bunny in one night! I'd like to see the April Fool top that!"

"The Fool wouldn't be able to get into the North Pole."

"Exactly." the teenager pulled the blue digital camera from his pocket, eagerly powering it up to allow his friend to see the precious images it hid inside, "I dare you to keep a straight face after seeing these." the first picture of Bunny and North staring at each other in bewilderment resulted in bulging eyes and puffed cheeks. The third picture had the Tooth Fairy emitting barely contained giggles from behind her hand covered mouth. The sixth picture was met with shrieking laughter and tears. In response to their queen's amusement, the miniature tooth fairies seemed to speed up their work, their chirping becoming louder making Jack and Tooth look up,

"I-I better go check on Baby Tooth," she giggled, "she can't keep up if they go too fast. Sorry I can't chat longer." the woman flew off, still chuckling. Jack flickered through the rest of the pictures, deleting any that were too blurry. He quickly switched it off when the familiar sounds of his favorite mini fairy approached, a hoodie, the same shade of blue as his, covering the majority of her small body,

"Ready to go, B.T.? We're heading to the Nature Sanctuary for a meeting today." Baby Tooth perked up at this, eagerly flying this way and that,

'With the creepy but really nice lady and the cute cute animals and the green everywhere!' the fairy paused a moment in mid air, fluttering in front of Jack's face with wide eyes, 'Everywhere...'

"We should probably go..." Tooth was right, Baby Tooth was becoming just like him.

* * *

><p>"It was awesome! Bunny was a walking Christmas tree and North was so tired from delivering his presents that he didn't even notice! Phil gave me all the supplies I needed, even a camera. I am so printing the pictures out and adding them to my album." Jack bounced around the circular pavilion with the hyperactivity of a child given too much sugar. Mother Nature watched her adopted son carefully while smiling indulgently. The raven haired woman found Jack's pranks sadistically amusing; she could tolerate her seasonal spirits just fine, they were, essentially, a part of her, but when it came to other spirits...she was not as accommodating. There is a reason many immortals avoided her. Baby Tooth swiveled around Jack, following her friend's movement with ease,<p>

'Bunny was mad, so mad. He fluffed up into poof mode! Bunny von Poof!'

"He was a bit fluffier than usual. I thought that was just the dye..."

"Many animals have a defense mechanism that will make them look bigger. Bunnymund, though on par with humans, is no exception."

"What about evil owl?" the winter spirit asked, settling down at the table to take a sip of water,

"Pardon?"

"Jamie found this video on the internet. It was in Japanese, but it was about this tiny owl and how it handled threats. When against a thirty five centimeter long owl, evil owl puffs up and does this thing with its wings. When against a seventy five centimeter owl, tiny owl goes all Dracula, hissing and glaring included." Jack sniggered before grabbing a leaf shaped cookie from the nearby tray,

"Ah, that was one of my more experimental creations."

"Were you trying to scare the humans again?" Baby Tooth rested on Jack's shoulder where she was given half a cookie to munch on,

"No, I have the lions, tigers, and bears for that."

"What about spiders and snakes?"

"A few forest nymphs angered me. I simply exploited their fears and threw it in their faces."

"Asian cobra?"

"Just trying to cut down the human populace."

"...Rabbits?"

"Making fun of Bunnymund, who knows he can't do anything about it."

Except the arctic hares, those were a gift for you." Jack gave a light laugh while Baby Tooth trilled in awe,

"Thanks, mom. I love them." they shared a moment of comfortable silence. Jack then sat straighter when the sound of footfalls reached his ear and turned his snowy head towards their location. His seasonal siblings Hiccup, Merida, and Rapunzel appeared from an archway, their modern clothing seeming out of place in the archaic setting surrounding them,

"Jack!" Rapunzel ran forth and swept Jack into one of her signature bear hugs, complete with lack of oxygen,

"Hi, Punzie." the younger spirit coughed out once the brown haired girl had set him down,

"Good to see you still in one piece, shortie." Merida ruffled his white locks with a teasing grin. Jack glared and swatted her hand away,

"I'm taller than Punzie!" he yelled indignantly,

"But still shorter than me." the red head snickered,

"We could always have Punzie squeeze him in half." Hiccup, the tallest of the four, commented in dry humor,

"Good idea! Punzie, do it!" Merida commanded with fierce determination,

"Give me a hug, Jack!" the shorter woman promptly ran towards her seasonal brother with open arms,

"No no no!" a frantic race between Winter and Spring began. Mother Nature silently watched at first, a contemplative look adorning her face, before clapping her hands twice. Her four seasonal spirits quieted immediately,

"Take your seats. We have important details to discuss." her spirits nodded in unison, taking their respective seats at the table with Hiccup and Jack to the right of the woman then Merida and Rapunzel to the left, "Baby Tooth." the fairy fluttered over to her, "This is private, please return to your home." her tone left no room for argument,

"I'll see you later, Baby Tooth." Jack smiled when his small companion nuzzled his cheek, then flew away. Only after the tooth collector was out of sight did Mother Nature begin to speak,

"I've always done my best to tell the truth. Now that Jack has settled into his Guardianship, I believe it time to discuss our circumstances."

"My Lady, maybe we shouldn't-" a swift glare silenced Rapunzel's protest. Jack shifted uncomfortably in his seat causing Hiccup to place a calming hand on the smaller spirit's shoulders,

"When Tsar Lunar contacted me about birthing a Spirit of Winter, I was hesitant to combine my magic with that of Lunar's magic." the woman began, steeling her eyes into that of indifference, "However, I

was in dire need of a winter shepherd, one who wouldn't fade so quickly and so, I agreed. The bastard didn't tell me the conditions until after I had lent my power." her eyes shifted to Jack, who stilled his fidgeting upon meeting her gaze, "Jackson, when I informed you of the rules, I stated that we couldn't be within close range of each other least the environment suffer, the only exception is the Sanctuary, correct?"

"...Yes ma'am." he answered meekly, blue eyes flickering to his tensed sibling. He wanted to run. He wanted to escape this confession,

"There are no consequences to our surroundings, but Lunar forbade us from nearing you. We did so, of course, but the Man in the Moon wished for you to be solitary. He wanted to see how you reacted in your first years."

"Why...?" Jack's knuckles turned white from gripping his staff, trembling with quiet rage or justified fear, he did not know,

"We don't often make immortals from the deceased for reasons. They can be...troublesome. Many things can go wrong during the process. Lunar thought you to be a successful case until the realization of your missing memories came to light. After that, you were deemed a failed experiment."

"What!?" Jack stood abruptly, knocking his chair backwards, "But I'm here, I'm...I'm..." he looked down at the table,

"We still needed a winter spirit, Jack. Besides, the moon thought he could still use you-" Hiccup tried to calm the errant teenager,

"Use me!? For what?! As a weapon to defeat Pitch!? Is fighting other peoples battles the only thing I'm good for?!"

"You know that's not-" Rapunzel stood from her chair, hands raised,

"He didn't do a damn thing for three centuries because I disappointed him!?" Jack began backing up, a cornered animal facing its hunter, "If he wanted me to fade, he should have outright killed me!" a pale hand reached up to grip the moonbeam necklace under his hoodie,

"Jack, we-" Merida began,

"I should have stayed dead!" Jack turned and ran in desperation, ignoring the calls of his name, of his family to escape from everything. The wind picked him, shooting him past the trees and meadows that made up the Sanctuary. It took him straight to a large arch made of intertwining oak trees, "Antarctica!" he shouted just before he entered the shimmering veil that was a portal. Jack tumbled out mere feet above an icy tundra, lit by moonlight and stars. The winter spirit slammed his feet into the ice before screaming in raw fury, "WHY?!" he pointed his staff to the moon, "Am I not good enough for you!? Too fucked up for your tastes!?" tears began streaming down his angular face, marring his vision, "I hate you! I hate this!" he took a shuddering breath, hand still clenched around the silver necklace, "I hate him..." the staff was lowered, falling to his side. Crystal blue eyes gazed blankly at the delicate plains stretching

before him, not bothering to suppress the blizzard his rampant emotions were causing.

He was tired of being betrayed.

He was tired of being used.

He was tired of being scared.

So he let righteous anger control everything.

For the first time, Jack wanted to take off the moonbeam necklace, the collar chaining him to such a decrepit being. He wanted his other self to destroy everything; be the monster that it was. To show that damn Man in the Moon he would not bow down, he would not be the puppet, and he would not be used. The moon shined down so _disgustingly innocent_, distracting Jack from everything but his own mind.

He did not see the shadows scurrying across the ice.

He did not see the black sand inching towards him.

The gray hand of Pitch Black came from nowhere; latching itself onto his face and eagerly feeding off the raw emotions radiating from the winter spirit's hazy mind. The snow haired boy jerked and pulled, scratching at the hand holding him captive, his staff knocked aside in a moment of screaming panic. The black sand forcing its way inside his head, intruding on his thoughts, shutting down his brain, and luring his fears to the forefront was too easy in such an emotional state. Before losing consciousness, Jack's was the moon, blaming him for everything gone so wrong.

* * *

><p>The cold body of Jack Frost fell to the ground with a dull thud while Pitch Black stared down the unconscious teenager with a calculating look. His nightmare sand was inside the boy's head, picking apart memories to find his prize: Jack Frost's greatest fear. The Nightmare King had been stalking the Spirit of Winter, waiting for an opportunity, a chance to strike in a moment of weakness with no friends, no allies, and no help. He'd make the boy writhe and scream in agony, the Boogiemán would see to that personally. Pitch was practically salivating at the thought of tasting the fear of an invincible Guardian. It would be delectable, a fine wine aged to perfection and peppered with the most exotic flavors. The gray man lifted a hand, his tainted sand coiling upwards out of the pale skinned body through the mouth, nostrils, and ears. The grains gathered in his palm, swirling in anticipation of revealing such delightful information to its master. Pitch dove in with a wicked cackle.

_The liquid bodies swirled around him, their wispy voices echoing in the fogs of his memories, _

"_Leave this place!"_

"_You are not wanted!"_

"_Die!" they pulled him closer to the water, the chilling substance

lapping at his feet, _

"_No! Let me go! Please!" awakening to a town entombed in snow, the quiet air lingering with a stillness of death, the crystalline forms writhing in agonizing fear. A winter child's torment brought to surface. He screamed; the winds shrieked, the sky darkened, and a bone chilling terror spread through the land._

_... .. _

All too late, the winter child learned a harsh lesson: everybody will hurt you. A flash of blue eyes, the steel blade burying itself deep into his shoulder, tearing his flesh, splitting bone, severing muscles with a sickening squelching sound,

"_Jackie, you're scared." it soothed and called to him, "You're always so scared." only the mourning wind and the innocent blood splattered across a dead man and his axe answered._

_... .. _

"_The humans can handle a bit of snow, Jack."_

"_I won't stop you from doing what you want."_

"_I'm a woman Jack, it comes with the intuition" he flew on the wind, begging it to go faster, always faster,_

"_I'll protect you..." that frighteningly twisted voice caused his eyes to cloud over, his sight fading, his body numbing, and he fell._

_... .. _

Furred fists struck him, threatening him, endangering him,

"_We don't care!" he reached for his staff. Warm amber eyes against frigid violet. Golden whips struck and fought,_

"_Give me a dream, Mr. Sandman!" the cackling, the pain, covered in blood, "Everyone will hurt us. It is fact. Therefore I am the hunter; hurt before you hurt, kill before you are killed. These are the principles on which we have survived as Jack Frost." the sand around his neck, flinging him into the ground, "Are you afraid, Sanderson? Horrified? Perhaps disgusted by the blood on our hands? The bodies pierced by icicles. The screams of the dying. The frostbitten terror of knowing you're staring death right in the eye?" a giant golden fist slamming him into the cliff._

_... .. _

Death, always death; jumbling, confusing, spinning faster and faster. There was no way out. Never a way out. He couldn't move, couldn't breath, engulfing him entirely. Why wouldn't anyone see him? Hear him? Help him? There was blood everywhere, it covered his hands, hear the tormented screams of millions. He couldn't run. He couldn't escape. He screamed.

Pitch jolted back to reality with a loud gasp. Wide eyes peering between the sand in his palm and the unconscious winter spirit on the

ground. Silence reigned in uncertainty as the Boogieman stood frozen in place. Then...he laughed. A cruel laugh, one of blackened heart and rotted teeth,

"You've been holding out on me, _Jackie_." black sand gathered under the thin body, lifting it into the air, "Do the guardians know? I highly doubt it. Such a shameful secret? They would certainly hate you." Pitch linked a finger onto the silver chain around Jack's neck, pulling until the gleaming crystal was free of the blue cloth, "Why, you're more of a monster than I am and I know just what to do with you." his eerie yellow eyes watched the boy's face for a moment before turning to the moon shining in the sky, "Isn't that right, old friend?"

* * *

><p>Nicholas St. North stared curiously at his fellow Guardians,<p>

"I did not send out lights." he grumbled, obviously annoyed by the fact his post Christmas nap had been interrupted _twice._ The audacity of some people,

"But North, we saw the lights! Even the elves know not to touch that switch." Tooth reasoned, fluttering to North's side and placing a hand on his arm,

"Was it Jack? It's probably the drongo trying to prank us again." Bunny gruffly commented, his fur still stained with faded patches of green and red,

"Jack wouldn't do that. He knows better." Tooth countered. Sandy remained quiet and contemplative. He sensed something...something dark, it unnerved him, to feel such a thing. He hadn't had this feeling since...Jack's disappearing consciousness. A large exclamation point appeared over the round man's head, a look of panic crossing his features. He had to find Jack. Where was Jack!? Sandy shot over to a nearby window, opening it with ease and peering out, hoping, praying to see Jack on the horizon. Surely he saw the lights...right? He ignored the arguing trio behind him as he floated from window to window, peering out at the snowy landscape, searching for a speck of dark blue. A yeti, Phil, came bursting through the door waving his arms wildly and screaming in Yetish as Sandy reached his sixth window,

"Phil! Can you not see we are arguing? Very important!" the yeti instead stumbled forth, grabbed North by the shoulders and shook him, still screaming in Yetish,

"Are getting any of this?" Bunny glanced at the large fairy beside him,

"Something about...a horse? And maybe-"

"Pitch is here?!" North shouted, "Why did you not say so?!" the Russian turned to his comrades "Pitch is outside with Jack!"

"What?!" Tooth shrieked as Bunny bolted out the door with Sandy at his heels. The pair did not bother with the large entry way, instead

going to a balcony and jumping off, landing in the snow without a sound. Pitch Black waited patiently with a nightmare by his side, pawing at the snow, and Jack laying on a cloud of black sand before him,

"Kidnapping, Pitch? That's an all new low." the pooka growled, pulling his boomerangs from his bandolier. Sandy forming his whips beside him, waiting and watching,

"Don't look at me like that. I'm simply doing you a favor."

"You wanna do us a favor?! Drop the kid and leave!"

"Be patient, rabbit. Where are your friends?" one of Pitch's hands went to Jack's chest, fingering something shiny. Sandy recognized the moonbeam, the necklace given to Jack to protect him, to help him. How could Pitch know...? A creaking sound rumbled through the tense air, signaling the arrival of reinforcements and the last two guardians,

"Pitch! What have you done?!" North bellowed,

"Oh good, the big five is all together. Perhaps its time to start the show, don't you think, Sanderson?" golden orbs gazed into the angry amber eyes of the Sandman. The dream caster shook his head furiously, exclamation points and the word 'no' repeatedly appearing above his head in sparkling sand, "Oh, I believe I do." Pitch chuckled, grabbing the necklace in his fist, "It's abut time you _Guardians_ know just how pathetic you really are."

"Sandy, mate, what's going on?" Bunny asked cautiously, his emerald eyes never leaving the scene playing in front of him. He didn't answer, instead, Sandy flew forward, his whips crackling in preparation to attack, to defend, whatever was necessary to stop Pitch from making such a mistake.

He didn't make it.

Pitch's manic smile widened, a crazed glint igniting in his eyes as he pulled. The chain snapped, its broken links falling to the snow below, the first tears of the bloodshed soon to happen. A violent wind swept out from around the Boogiemán, a bone chilling terror spreading through the land. Everyone present; the Guardians, the yeti, Pitch could feel the change, the darkening air around them. It loomed in closer, caging them, making them bear witness to the monster soon to set upon them. Pitch stilled, gazing around, not a sound was made, not a breath taken, complete silence. It was broken by the gray skinned man's own scream of pain. The winter spirit lunging forth, perfectly white teeth sinking into the Nightmare King's bared throat and tearing. Pitch writhed and shoved the boy off him, flailing backwards. The thing in Jack's body was not deterred. It spit out the chunk of flesh then darted forward in the wake of the barrage of crimson spikes it had thrown. The Guardians stared in horror as a pale hand tore straight through Pitch Black's chest. The hand, now covered in slick, black blood, protruded from Pitch's back. In moments, Jack's hand was ripped out, causing the taller man to spit up his black blood from the hole in his esophagus. The crunching of snow from the weight of the body falling sounded clearly.

Frigid violet eyes stared down into Pitch's eerie yellow orbs;

unwavering, fierce, and enraged.

* * *

><p>:D<p>

Yeah, I just stayed up til four in the morning to get this to you guys xD

Notes:

1) Opossums are so cute. Especially the baby ones. We found one abandoned in our washing machine (no, we don't know how the hell it got there). It's sibling was already deceased, and the little guy was so skinny and frail, but after two weeks of nursing him back to health. He was fat and round and happy. He thought I was his mama, it was adorable. He snuggled into my hand and I could pick him up and hold him and he'd climb on my shoulders and into my hair and I'm ranting. Alas, my little opossum was illegal. I had to hand him over to a rehab center where he was successfully re-introduced to nature. Now he's living the opossum life :)

2) I seriously want to do a one shot about the first time Jack calls Emily Jane (that's Mother Nature's real name, it was revealed in the most recent book) 'mom' and their relationship afterwards. If you guys want to read that one, just say so in a review and I'll start on it after DoD is done.

3) Mother Nature is a sadistic, bad ass, bitch in my mind. Seriously. The Asian Cobra is also supposed to be the deadliest animal with over 50,000 human deaths a year. There are also alot of one-shots out there about Jack and arctic bunnies. If you want an overdose of cuddlies, go find one.

4) GO LOOK UP EVIL OWL ON YOUTUBE! How that owl does it, I don't know, but it is hilarious.

5) PLEASE tell me your opinions on the part about the moon and Jack being a 'failed creation'. I really want some confirmation I did that part convincingly.

End
file.